

Reel 75.

- 70-50. Battle of Alma, sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick. 19 vs. well sung; chorus added by Mr. Berton Young
- 50-42. Lannigan's Ball, sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, 6 vs.; comic Irish. Goof of its kind.
- 42-40. Koko Sho Long, sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. Round; good.
- 40-48. A Southerly Wind, sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour; round, hunting song; good.
- 40-38. Horsies to the Fair. Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour. Lullaby, short, but quite nice.
- 38-30. Green Gravel, sung first by Mrs. W.J. Johns, and then by her daughter, Mrs. W.O. Coates. Singing game, good.
- 30-20. The Twelve Apostles, sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour; nursery song, cumulative type and very singable; for full text see 14-end, and compare.
- 20-14. A Sailor's Life, sung by Mrs. R.W. Duncan, Dartmouth; love and sea, seems to be mixture of several songs.
- 14-end. The Twelve Apostles, sung by Mr. Allan Tibbo, Musquodoboit Harbour; full text, very interesting.

O ye loyal Britons pray give ear
Unto the news I bring you here,
While joy each Briton's heart will cheer
For the victory gained at Alma.

2

It was on September the fourteenth day
In spite of the salt seas dashing spray,
We landed safe on the Crimeeay,
All on the road to Alma.

3

All night we lay on the cold, damp ground,
No shade nor shelter could be found,
And in the rain we almost drowned
All on the road to Alma.

4

Next morning a scorching sun did rise
Beneath the cloudless eastern skies,
Our noble chief Lord Raglan cries,
"Prepare to march on Alma."

5

And when the heights they hove in view
It would the stoutest hearts subdue
To see the mighty Russian crew
All on the heights of Alma.

6

They were so strongly fortified
With batteries on the mountainside
Our general viewed the forts and cried,
"There'll be hot work on Alma."

7

Their bullets flew as thick as rain
~~When we their batteries strove to gain~~
When we their batteries strove to gain,
And many a hero there was slain
All on the heights of Alma.

8

The thirty-third and fusiliers
They climbed the hills and gave three cheers,
While fal avala(?) rang in our ears
From the Irish boys at Alma.

9

Our highland lads with kilts and hose
Were not the last you may suppose
But boldly faced their Russian foes
And gained the heights of Alma.

10

And when the heights we did command
We fought the Russians hand to hand,
The Russian force could not withstand
The British charge on Alma.

11

Their guns and knapsacks they threw down
And ran like hares before the hound,
While vive l'emperor did resound
From the sons of France at Alma.

(over)

Although the battle we have got
 And gallantly our heroes fought,
 Yet dearly was the victory bought
 For thousands died at Alma.

13

Between the wounded and the slain
 The Russians lost ten thousand men
 And had three thousand prisoners ta'en
 All on the heights of Alma.

14

Two thousand British I heard say
 Did fall upon that fatal day
 While forty thousand Frenchmen lay
 In the bloody graves at Alma.

While fourteen hundred Frenchmen lay
 In the bloody graves at Alma.

15

From Morton's eyes the tear drops rolled
 And none the widows can console,
 While parents mourn beyond control
 For the sons they lost at Alma.

16

And many a pretty maid doth mourn
 For her lover that will ne'er return,
 By cruel wars he's from her torn
 And his body lies at Alma.

17

To Sebastapool our troops are gone,
 It's news we'll hear before very long,
 And if our foes were twice as strong
 We'll have revenge for Alma.

18

There was France and England hand in hand,
 No force on earth could them withstand,
 So sound the news throughout the land,
 The victory won at Alma.

19

There was France and England hand in hand,
 No force on earth could them withstand,
 So sound the news throughout the land,
 The victory won at Alma.

(Asked if he had ever heard a chorus, the singer said
 yes, but from only one man. All he could remember was:

Tanta ranoran all the day,
 There's money spent and thrown away.)
 Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and recorded
 by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

Mr. Berton Young, West Petpeswick added an extra verse and
 chorus:

(over)

To Sebastapool the Russians fled,
They left their wounded and their dead,
The rivers they run crimson red
With the blood that was shed at Alma.

Cho.
Tantaran oran all the day,
Tantaran oran all the day,
Tantaran oral all the day
For the blood that was shed at Alma.

(The chorus always ends with the last line of the previous verse.)

The town of

Lannigan,
He battered away till he hadn't a town,
His father died and made him a man again,
Left him a farm of ten acres of ground.
He gave a large party to all his relations,
That stood by him when he went to the wall,
So if you listen I'll make your eyes glisten,
The rout and the ruction at Lannigan's ball,
Cho.

Whack to lol to lol to laddidy,
Whack to lol to lol to laddidy,
Whack to lol to lol to laddidy,
Whack to rue to Lannigan's ball.

2

Was meself who had three invitations
For all the boys and girls I might ask,
In less than five minutes I sent in relations
Singing as merry as flies round a cask,
Kitty O'Hara a nice little milliner
Tipped me the wink and asked me to call,
When I arrived with Timothy Jannigan
Just in time for Lannigan's ball.
Cho.

Whack to lol to lol to laddidy,
Whack to lol to lol to laddidy,
Whack to lol to lol to laddidy,
Whack hooroooh for Lannigan's ball.

3

When we got there they were dancing the polka
All round the room in a queer whirligig,
But Kitty and I put a stop to that nonsense,
We tipped them a taste of a neat Irish jig,
O Miss Maroon, oh wasn't she proud of me?
We battered the floor till the ceiling did fall
For I spent three weeks at Brooks' academy
Learning a step for Lannigan's ball. Cho.(second)

4

The boys were all merry, the girls were all frisky,
Even though gathered in couples and groups,
When an accident happened to Paddy O'Rafferty,
He stuck his right foot through Miss Flannigan's hoops.
The creature she fainted and said bloody murder,
She called to her friends and gathered them all,
Tim damned and swore that he'd go no further
Or have satisfaction at Lannigan's ball. Cho.

5

Ach hooray boys Tim was the ruction,
Meself got the bottle from Feela McCoo,
To marry Fide with nate introduction
We kicked up the fulla del foo.
Casey the piper was nearly all strangled,
He squeezed up his bags and his
The girls and the ribbons and all got entangled
And that put a stop to Lannigan's ball. Cho.

(over)

In the midst of the row Miss Cavanah fainted,
Her cheeks all the while was as red as the rose,
The ladies declared that her face it was painted,
She'd taken a drop too much I suppose,
Paddy McCarthy so hearty and able
With his dear colleen stretched out on the floor,
He pulled his best leg from under the table
And smashed all the china at Lannigan's ball. Cho.

Sung by Mr. Bernard Young, East Petpeswick, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

(I had to take the words down from the record, and
there were a few that I couldn't make out)

Koko Sho Long. Reel 75.42-40. No.3

Cho.

Koko sho long, sho long, sho laille,
Koko sho long sho long sho lay,
Koko sho long sho long sho laille,
Hi oh chica sho long sho lay.

1

Some were made to go to Scotland,
Some to England, some to Rome,
Some to Greenland's icy mountains,
More were made to stay at home. Cho.

Round, taught in the school at East Petpeswick 70 years ago.

Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

A Southerly Wind

Reel 75.40-38.No.4

A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaims of a hunting morning,
Before the sun rises away we'll fly,
Away from our drowsy beds scorning.

To horses brave boys and away
All over the hills adorning,
The face of all nature looks bright and gay,
It's a beautiful hunting morning.

Cho,
Hark, hark, forward,
Ta rah rah, ta rah tah, ta rah,
Hark, hark, forward,
Ta rah rah, ta rah rah, ta rah.

Round, sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour,
with her daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. W.O. Coates
and Margaret Coates joining in the chorus. Recorded
by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

A SOUTHERLY WIND

REEL 75 # 4

- SEE CORRESPONDENCE : MRS. G. BURGER FOR GERMAN
ORIGIN AND TRANSLATION

Horsies To the Fair. Reel 75,40-38.No.5

Gee up Bobby,
Horsies to the fair,
A penny and a bottle of brandy
For you when you get there.

Repeat

Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour, who used
to sing it to her children as a lullaby; recorded by
Helen Reighton, Aug. 1951/

Green gravel, green gravel
How green the grass grows,
And all the fair ladies
Are washing their clothes,

Dear Margaret, dear Margaret,
Your true love's here
To send you a message
He loves you so dear.

Sung first by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour,
and then by her daughter, Mrs. W.O. Coates who uses the
word maidens in the first verse instead of ladies. The
third generation, Margaret Coates has never played this
singing game. Recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951/

Mrs. Coates gives this explanation:

The game was played in her home in Halifax at family
parties. (Mrs. Coates' tune is the same as the one I used
to sing when playing this game in my childhood in Dartmouth.
Mrs. Johns' tune is different; she played the game in
Petpeswick). Form circle of girls with the boys banished
outside. A doorkeeper would call a boy's name and he would
come in and bashfully whisper the name of the girl he
wanted to kneel before. If she accepted his love she would
smile at him, and if she didn't accept his love she would
treat him with cold disdain and he'd have to try to find
someone else to love him.

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you one oh,
 What is your one oh?
 One goes wandering all alone,
 Nevermore shall be so.

2

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you two oh,
 What is you two oh?
 Two of them were milk white maids
 Dressed up all in green oh,
 One goes wandering all alone,
 Never more shall be so.

3

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you three oh,
 What is your three oh?
~~Three~~ of them were tryers,
 Two of them were milk white maids
 Dressed up all in green oh,
 One goes wandering all alone,
 Never more shall be so.

4

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you four oh,
 What is your four oh?
 Four of them were divers,
 Three of them were tryers,
 Two of them were milk white maids
 Dressed up all in green oh,
 One goes wandering all alone,
 Nevermore shall be so.

5

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you five oh,
 What is your five oh?
 Five of the plumb boys in the boat,
 Four of them were divers,
 Three of them were tryers,
~~Two~~ of them were milk white maids
 Dressed up all in green oh,
 One goes wandering all alone,
 Never more shall be so.

6

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you six oh,
 What is your six oh?

(over)

Six of the cherry white waiters,
Five of the plumb boys in the boat,
Four of them were divers,
Three of them were tryers,
Two of them were milk white maids
Dressed up all in green oh,
One goes wandering all alone,
Never more shall be so.

7

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you seven oh,
What is your seven oh?
Seven is the seven stars in the sky,
Six of the cherry white waiters,
Five of the plumb boys in the boat,
Four of them were divers,
Three of them were tryers,
Two of them were milk white maids
Dressed up all in green oh,
One goes wandering all alone,
Never more shall be so.

(This song should go on to twelve, but this is all the singer could remember. For the other verses see the same song on the same tape as sung by Mrs. Tibbo. One morning I was playing this tape for Mr. and Mrs. Fowkes. It was a lovely summer day, so it was played out of doors on the verandah of the house where we were staying. Mr. Tibbo was passing by and stopped to listen. As the end of the song was reached and ~~xxxxxxx~~ we were regretting that the singer could not remember the rest, Mr. Tibbo called out that he knew all of it. Their variants are different in some respects. Mrs. Johns' is more nautical. The plumb boys she thinks refers to getting the depth of water, and tryers would be the men who try out whale oil.)

Sung by Mrs. W.J. Johns, Musquodoboit Harbour, and recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

Records whole song on Reel 122A21-end, but last words are from Mr. Tibbo's text.

A sailor's life is a merry life,
They rob young women of their heart's delight,
Leave them behind for to sigh and mourn,
And never know whether they will return.

2

There's four and twenty bright sailors all in a row,
And my sweet William cuts the brightest show,
He's proper, tall, genteel withal,
If I don't have him I'll have none at all.

3

O father build me a little boat
That on the ocean I may float,
And every queen ship that I pass by
I will enquire for my sailor boy.

4

She had not long sailed on the deep
Before a queen ship she chanced to meet,
"Come sailors all, come tell me true,
Whether my sweet William sails among your crew?"

5

"No no fair lady he is not here,
For he is drowned I greatly fear,
Near yon green island as we passed by
There we lost sight of your sailor boy."

6

"Oh she sat down for to write a song,
She wrote it freely, she wrote it long,
At every verse she dropped a tear,
Saying at the bottom, "I've lost my dear."

7

She wrang her hands and she tore her hair
Just like a woman in deep despair,
She flung her body into the deep,
In William's arms to lie fast asleep.

Sung by Mrs. R.W. Duncan, Dartmouth, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you one oh,
 What is your one oh,
 One and one is all alone
 And ever more shall be so.

2

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you two oh,
 What is your two oh?
 Two of them were lily white babes
 All clothed in green oh,
 One and one is all alone
 And ever more shall be so.

3

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you three oh,
 What is your three oh?
 Three of them were drivers,
 Two of them were lily white babes
 All clothed in green oh,
 One and one is all alone
 And ever more shall be so.

4

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you four oh,
 What is your four oh?
 Four is the gospel preachers,
 Three of them were drivers,
 Two of them were lily white babes
 All clothed in green oh,
 One and one is all alone
 And ever more shall be so.

5

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you five oh,
 What is your five oh?
 Five is the flambeaux under the bows,
 Four is the gospel preachers,
 Three of them were drivers,
 Two of them were lily white babes
 All clothed in green oh,
 One and one is all alone
 And ever more shall be so.

6

Come and I will sing you,
 What will you sing me?
 I will sing you six oh,
 What is your six oh?
 Six is the six pound waithers,
 Five is the flambeaux under the bow,
 Four is the gospel preachers,
 Three of them were drivers,
 Two of them were lily white babes
 All clothed in green oh,

(over)

One and one us all alone
And ever more shall be so.

7

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you seven oh,
What is your seven oh?
Seven is the seven stars under the sky,
Six is the six pound waiters,
Five is the flambeaux under the bow,
Four is the gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes
All clothed in green oh,
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so.

8

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you eight oh,
What is your eight oh?
Eight is the gabriel angels,
Seven is the seven stars under the sky,
Six is the six pound waiters,
Five is the flambeaux under the bow,
Four is the gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes
All clothed in green oh,
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

9

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you nine oh,
What is your nine oh?
Nine is the nine so bright did shine,
Eight is the gabriel angels,
Seven is the seven stars under the sky,
Six is the six pound waiters,
Five is the flambeaux under the bow,
Four is the gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes
All clothed in green oh,
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so.

10

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you ten oh,
What is your ten oh?
Ten is the ten commandments,
Nine is the nine so bright did shine,
Eight is the gabriel angels,
Seven is the seven stars under the sky,
Six is the six pound waiters,
Five is the flambeaux under the bow,
Four is the gospel preachers,

Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes,
All clothed in green oh,
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so.

11

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you eleven oh,
What is your eleven oh?
Eleven is the eleven that went to heaven,
Ten is the ten commandments,
Nine is the nine so bright did shine,
Eight is the gabriel angels,
Seven is the seven stars under the sky,
Six is the six pound waiters,
Five is the flambeaux under the bow,
Four is the gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes
All clothed in green oh,
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so.

12

Come and I will sing you,
What will you sing me?
I will sing you twelve oh,
What is your twelve oh?
Twelve is the twelve apostles,
Eleven is the eleven that went to heaven,
Ten is the ten commandments,
Nine is the nine so bright did shine,
Eight is the gabriel angels,
Seven is the seven stars under the sky,
Six is the six pound waiters,
Five is the flambeaux under the bow,
Four is the gospel preachers,
Three of them were drivers,
Two of them were lily white babes
All clothed in green oh,
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

Sung by Mr. Allan Tibbo, Musquodoboit Harbour who
learned it at his father's knee in Newfoundland as a
child; recorded by Helen Creighton, Aug. 1951.

Compare with Mrs. John's variant on same tape.

Mr. Tibbo think the drivers may refer to driving preachers.
The flam boys he sings of I have interpreted as flambeaux.